

There is still trouble in the counties that border on Mexico.

The Cabinet changes so much talked of have not assumed any substantial shape. They are but rumors, and very vague ones at that.

An exchange gives as a reason for business inactivity that too many people are sitting down waiting for it to become more active instead of going to work to help make it so.

PHILADELPHIA is puzzling over the question of a supply of water for the city. No feasible scheme has yet been adopted, though the supply is very inadequate for the ordinary requirements of the city, and will be still further from meeting the demand when the great Centennial is in full blast.

DR. QUINN has again been chosen Health Officer of this city. We have no complaints to make; but, as well as he has done in the past, there is room for a little improvement, and we want to see it made. Let Cincinnati be known as the city having the best sanitary regulations in the country.

WRIGHT, an English editor, yesterday had Dr. Kenealy arrested on a charge of libel. In this country we are glad to say that editors know better than to spend their time as plaintiffs in libel suits. When one is mixed up in such a matter it is generally as defendant. But the result on both sides of the Atlantic is usually the same—judgment for the defendant and the plaintiff left to pay the costs. Still there are always people to be found who think suing a newspaper for libel may prove a short road to wealth.

In our notice of the fruit slaughter, the other day, we somewhat modified the panic of certain growers who thought that all was lost, and now we slightly modify our own panic by saying that more apples are safe than we then counted upon. Many trees will bear fair crops, if no further killing frosts assail them. We are still confident of a fair strawberry crop north of the latitude of Hamilton, and the crop is not entirely destroyed in the latitude of the city. Half a degree makes considerable difference in this fruit.

JOE HOWARD has attained more notoriety outside of the city of New York since he commenced the defense of Mr. Beecher in his paper than ever before. In reply to the question, "Who is Joe Howard?" it may be answered that he is the oldest of three brothers, and that the other two are junior partners of the firm of J. B. Ford & Co., Mr. Beecher's publishers. The Howard family being owners in the Christian Union and Mr. Beecher's other publications, very naturally take a deep interest in the great trial. It may be further remarked that Joseph belongs to that class of journalists that always condemn every man in any way accused, and do not consider that a private citizen has any rights that a newspaper should respect. In view of this course heretofore the position of his paper in this matter was a surprise to those who did not know how matters stood, and appeared to indicate that his heart was softening as he grew older. If Joseph had been foot-loose in this emergency he would have said meaner things about Mr. Beecher, and said them in a manner way than any of the others of the same class that have for so long been devoting their little energies mainly to this topic.

## THE PSYCHOLOGIST'S OPPORTUNITY.

All the papers East and West, and everybody else, seem to agree that there is most outrageous perjury on one side or the other of the Beecher trial. It is everywhere said that if Tilton and the Moultons testified the truth, Mr. Beecher is the very Lucifer of perjury. On the other hand, if Beecher swears honestly, then Tilton, Mr. Moulton and Mrs. Moulton are rank liars, whose propensity no oath can restrain.

It is not possible that everybody may be very mistaken in this judgment? Is it not easier to account for the radical discrepancy in the testimony of these parties without supposing willful perjury on either side, than to explain how it is that not only Tilton but Moulton, and not only Mrs. Moulton but Moulton herself are guilty of such unheard of perjury? Is it not easier to account, on psychological principles, for the difference between the statements of these persons and those of Mr. Beecher, than to suppose that "the great preacher" himself is guilty of perjury?

The people are divided into two great parties in their judgment of the case. One party believes Mr. Beecher to be innocent, not solely because he protests his innocence under oath, but because they believe that Tilton and the Moultons are conspirators for the ruin of Mr. Beecher. The other party believes Mr. Beecher guilty because of the infinite weight of the motives that force him to perjury, and because there are three on the other side who can outswear him.

We suppose that psychology could decide the issue, both as to Beecher's guilt and as to the question of perjury on either side, more justly than either the court, the jury or the people are likely

to decide it. As we understand it, psychology declares that willful perjury has not been committed on either side, and that Mr. Beecher is not guilty of adultery.

It can not be denied that the Plymouth preacher has had many tempting opportunities for committing that sin; but we claim that the same infinite motives which now urge him to deny it, pressed upon him with equal force to avoid the last act of mutual admiration between the sexes. If it be replied that Beecher could reasonably suppose that the secret would never be made public, let it be replied that the whole moral force of his nature and his religion, together with the force of duty to his own family, and to his friend (for such relation he supposed subsisted between himself and Mr. Tilton), combined with the selfish motives that are now supposed to govern him, to hold him in check against actual crime. The offense is not claimed to have been made public except by the confession of the parties themselves. No rational person can believe that Mr. Beecher ever made such a confession; and as to Mrs. Tilton her "confession" was extorted, as it were, while in a state of physical debility and great nervous prostration. That she has a delicate conscience and fine religious scruples there is no doubt; and while so prostrated she was led to believe that her intimacies (not criminal) with Mr. Beecher were unbecoming a wife and mother, and that, on seeing how she had exposed herself and what risks she had run, those intimacies assumed horrid shapes in her over-wrought imagination—and hence the "confession" in which she did not mean to confess the crime in issue before the Court. This confession was such as a jury and the world would take for more than she intended. So with Mr. Beecher's letter of contrition and his many other expressions that are considered, by most people, to look toward guilt. No degree of credulity can believe that Mr. Beecher ever made confession of crime in this case. The same powerful motives that are now supposed to force him to the most positive denial, operated upon him to make no confession. Though he has been very foolish in many things in the development of the scandal, yet no one can believe that he was, at any time, so demoralized as to confess such a crime.

He made every possible acknowledgment to Tilton and Moulton short of such a confession in the hope of reconciliation. He said many things under a heated imagination that look ugly to the world; but psychology can explain them fully as satisfactorily as Mr. Beecher himself.

Imaginations were badly inflamed on both sides. Probably no one is weaker in this regard than Mr. Tilton. So also Mr. and Mrs. Moulton. They interpreted Mr. Beecher's expressions as confessions of guilt; and so have sworn them. They were not clear expressions of carnal guilt, and so Mr. Beecher has sworn them. Therefore, neither side is guilty of willful perjury.

Had we space we could explain all in harmony with this hypothesis.

A foreigner.

The New York Sun publishes the details of the attempted swindle by a forged check, purporting to be drawn by a Springfield, Ohio, firm, a mention of which was made in our dispatches some days since. The check was presented at the Nassau Bank in New York by a pretty little German woman, and was for \$19,400, purporting to have been drawn by Warden, Mitchell & Co., of Springfield, Ohio. It was a large amount to pay a stranger, so Mr. Matteson took a little time to examine the check. He invited the lady into the directors' room, and there she was pleasantly entertained by the President. In answer to questions very courteously put she said that she was a widow, and that the check she had presented had been given her by Mr. Warden in payment for the Ohio farm which had been bequeathed to her by her husband.

While she was being entertained in the directors' room Mr. Matteson was not idle. After examining the check carefully, and comparing the signature with that attached to a draft received a few days before from Warden, Mitchell & Co., he was satisfied that the check was a forgery; but that he might make no mistake, he telegraphed to Springfield, Ohio, and in a few minutes received a reply that no check for \$19,400 had ever been paid by Warden, Mitchell & Co. for a young widow's farm.

On receipt of this information Mr. Matteson at once sent a messenger for Superintendent Walling, and that official soon appeared at the bank, with Detectives Brown and Hart. Leaving the detectives outside, the Superintendent entered the building and made himself thoroughly acquainted with the facts in regard to the check. He chatted with the pretty brunette, who represented herself as Mrs. Caroline Pell; and learned from her that her mother was waiting for her in the St. Nicholas.

When informed by the paying teller that the check was a forgery, Mrs. Pell seemed much surprised and grieved. She did not know that it was bad, she said, and hoped that she should not be put to any trouble about it. The officers of the bank thought that she should be detained. "Oh, no," said Superintendent Walling, "let the lady go; let her go."

She departed, but was of course followed by the detectives. They shadowed her to different points in the city, she trying to evade them, but failing in the attempt. She finally approached one of them and said she had come from Springfield, and was stopping with her mother at the St. Nicholas, but that she was to meet her at another point. The officer invited her to accompany him to the hotel, where he learned that no such person was stopping, or had at any time been there. She was then arrested and accused of the forgery.

She burst into tears, and confessed that her first story was not true, and said: "My name is Caroline Pell. I arrived here from Germany on Wednesday in the steamer Schiller. I understand but little English. I am in mourning for my father, who died before I left Germany. On the passage to America, I became acquainted with one Aloise Hammer, or rather, I became acquainted with him in Hamburg, and came here with him. This morning he gave me a check, and told me to get the money for it, and then meet him at the St. Nicholas Hotel."

She was taken before the Police Judge and reported her story, but was out under \$5,000 bonds. The police are on the lookout for her confederate, but he will probably escape.

## FADING.

The past is fading, fading,  
Never to come back again;  
The cyprus tree is shading  
Half of the sunny plain.  
Unchained, I was in a well-known scene,  
Not a branch shows now in the hedgerows green,  
Just so the lark from the meadow sprung,  
When I and April hailed the light,  
Just so the primrose peeped to light,  
When I and April hailed the light.  
Yet, Nature's self is perishing,  
And soon will be the smiling gone;  
The past is fading, fading,  
And the wheel of time rolls on.

The past is fading, fading,  
And gathered in its fold,  
Its mighty pinions shading,  
Is much we prize of old;  
The grass grows rank on many a grave  
Of the young and joyous and gay and brave,  
Many a loved voice is hushed,  
Many a golden hope is crushed,  
Many a happy dream is over,  
With smile of kindred, friend and lover,  
The past is fading, fading,  
The blood runs cold and slow;  
Hark! woe is coming,  
The creeds of long ago.

The past is fading, fading,  
Weeping and pray in vain,  
Where the cyprus tree is shading  
The tombs of all the slain,  
Slain by the years and put aside,  
The danger of love, the idols of pride,  
One by one, the things of the past,  
Handed down from hand, and heart from heart;  
One by one the sweet things given  
To brighten earth go back to heaven,  
To love and  
Sigh the sense of something gone,  
And the past is fading, fading,  
And the wheel of time rolls on.

## The Long Chase.

Phil and I were schoolmates in former years and friends in later life. Miss Diana Davenport was an acknowledged queen in our school, and I had known her, and it did not take long to discover that Phil loved her, and I had already looked upon Phil as a married man, when one night he burst into the room, flung his hat in one corner, his came in another, and sinking into a chair covered his face with his hands and gave vent to a groan of half-suppressed agony.

"Why, Phil," I said, hastening over to him, "are you hurt? Has any accident occurred?"  
I looked at him from head to foot, half expecting to see the blood flow from a recent wound.

"There are no limbs broken, Hal," he said, looking up with a face so distorted and pale, he hardly knew it for his own; "only the heart, Hal. I have got my death blow. Diana belongs to another."

"Married?" I gasped.  
"Just the same. She has been engaged to a Colonel in the army for two years. They are to be married this fall."

"Why was a monstrous—?" But Phil put him and on my arm.  
"Don't say that," he said, pleadingly, "I can't bear it; besides, I think she secretly knew the danger we were in till it was too late. I believe she loves me, Hal, as I love her, as I shall always love her, to the last moment of life."

"Can nothing be done?" I asked.  
"Nothing," he replied, with an accent of despair. "Only let us get away from here as soon as possible; let us hasten our plans for travel. I beg of you, Hal, put as many miles between her and me as you can."

A fortnight afterward we were upon the ocean. One night as we sat outside the tent, in Africa, with a cold wind blowing a hunting party on a tour, Phil and I smoked long and contemplatively. He held an old newspaper to his eyes for a moment, then dropped it and started to his feet.

"What is it, Phil?" I cried, rushing for my rifle, "a lion, a serpent, a crocodile?"  
"No," he said, "a smooth bit of alkali that served him for a coat, picked up the newspaper again, and read in a trembling voice that Col. John Talbot had been killed on the American plains by the Indians."

"That's rather rough for Talbot," I remarked, "but I can't exactly see how it affects me."  
"Colonel John Talbot," repeated Phil, in an impressive whisper, "is the man to whom Diana was engaged."

"A widow?" I murmured, with the accent of a Weller.  
Phil looked at the date of the newspaper, and found it had been printed only a fortnight after we left the old college town.

"I might after all have been first man," I remarked.  
Nothing now would do but to take up the thread of life for Phil where it was so rudely snapped asunder.

"All these months of travel, Hal," he said, "have been merely existence for me, no life. Let me go back, my friend, to the air I can breathe, the air that is shared by Diana."

We at last found ourselves on an Atlantic steamer, bound for home.  
Phil and I were old travelers by this time, and the wild freshness of enthusiasm that seized upon some of our fellow voyagers as they neared their native shores was with us cooled down to a calm that preserved us from being carried away by the only country in the world worth the rational affection of an experienced and cultivated mind.

I had been looking through the glass a while, and was about handing it over to a fellow-passenger who had eyed me with a devouring envy the while, when a big steamer, outward bound, glided close by our side, and I could see the faces of the party nearest me.

One last, fleeting glance of mine contained a revelation. I glided my eyes to the glass again. Right opposite me there shown two soft glowing orbs, wonderfully familiar. The face was one not easily forgotten, the form full, shapely, with peculiar serpentine grace about it.

"Phil," I said, putting the glass in my hand, "look over there at that group of ladies."  
He took it languidly, but having looked, a quick, eager gasp escaped him, he dropped the glass into the hands of our envious fellow-passenger, and seized my arm with a sudden frenzy.

"She is going out," he said.  
"While we, alas, are going in," I added.  
"But this is monstrous," he cried in dismay. "We can't go in; we must follow her."

There again was the absurdity of a foolish passion. It would have been useless to relate to the Captain that my friend, seeing a person he was interested in on the passing steamer, would like to join her. It was impossible to throw a plank across the ocean; besides, she was already out of sight, and Phil rushed below like a madman. All we could do was to engage passage for the other side again and sail as soon as possible.

On the stretch of country beneath. Upon the river of the Elbe, that looked to our American eyes like a little trout stream, we saw one of those little Dutch steamers that continually piddle up and down, and suddenly the view became intensely interesting. I look through the glass; yes, there she was, without a doubt, more graceful and enchanting than ever, upon the deck of that lumbering little tug fathoms below us. I called to Phil. He bent, he looked, and stretching over with a yearning, unsteady movement, he lost his balance and fell.

Fell down the sheer edge of the rock, grasping as he went at every tuft of lichen and grass, at every shrub that rapidly shot out of his reach. I watched him with agonized suspense when suddenly his coat caught upon the jagged wall of the precipice, and held him suspended over the chasm beneath. He was partly supported by a trail ledge beneath him; and to this bit of rock I was determined to descend if in the endeavor I lost my life. There was no other way of saving Phil—none whatever; it must be done immediately; and he who has risked his life in mad encounters with savage beasts can surely afford to do so in behalf of the friend of his soul.

I found me hooked to a crowd of sturdy Germans, anxious to help me in every possible way. A stout rope was brought, fastened firmly about my waist, and I was lowered, a halfbreath at a time, by my honest friends above. At last my foot trembled upon the thin piece of slate upon which Phil rested. Grasping the rope with one hand, I disengaged my unconscious foot from its perilous resting place, slipped slowly into the position he had taken, and, binding the rope about my poor Phil, I had the joy to see him finally lifted into the arms of my comrades above.

Loud shouts arose from the plateau and were echoed from the little steamer below. The look of which my perilous undertaking had been watched with interest. With difficulty I succeeded in keeping my hold upon this ledge of the precipice until the rope came back to me, and when I bound it about my waist, I had already experienced that fatal dizziness that precedes unconsciousness. Reaching the top, I escaped the embraces of my Teutonic friends and made my way to the chamber in the hostelry where they had taken Phil. A doctor was already with him, and declared that, although no bones were broken, his system had received a nervous shock, and that he would need careful nursing. So I took my leave by the side of Phil, and nursed him in Germany. He got well sooner than I did, but modesty compels me to say it was not because of better nursing. His collar bone and right arm were not smashed, neither had he the skin torn direct from the scalp over his eyes, as I had feared. It was a collision with a stone, less formidable than one with a lion. Then there were better facilities for nursing in the pretty Saxony town than in the heart of Africa; and, besides, I wasn't the only nurse he had; a lady traveling in the vicinity kindly aided me. She was not altogether a stranger to Phil—nor to me, for that matter.

She was very gentle and beautiful, with that winning way about her that reaches the heart, magnetizes it and entralls it, without the exact knowledge of that organ.

There was something in the slight pressure of her hand upon Phil's forehead, the floating of her lips with a delicious pery about it, the melody of the soft voice, the soft gleaming of her luminous eyes through the dimmed light of the sick room, that made her presence consoling, healing, divine.

Then when Phil had fallen into slumber she came to me, her delicate features, and admiringly turned to my comfort through dark watches of the night. She listened with tender interest to my relation of our adventures in Africa, and especially never tired of a terrible struggle of mine with a male lion in the defile of the mountains. She declared it was thrilling, grand, heroic; and, touching with her fingers, pronounced them beautiful, while I, alas, caught and kissed those gentle fingers, and wished that Phil's convalescence were not so rapid, and that we might forever—were three—rest together upon the verdure crowned heights, "like gods together heedless of mankind."

On one of the occasions I was relating to her a desperate encounter of ours in the jungle with a panther, and had reached the most thrilling part of it; she covered her eyes with one hand, as if to shut out the terrible scene, and the other she stretched to me in sympathy with my relation to the combat. Absorbed with my story, I just touched her white fingers to my lips with a caressing movement, when suddenly Phil's blood fingers, and wished that Phil's convalescence were not so rapid, and that we might forever—were three—rest together upon the verdure crowned heights, "like gods together heedless of mankind."

He was pale to ghostliness, and my heart smote me, for I saw in his face a bitter hatred and reproach. He glared at me with hollow, burning eyes. But Diana rose to her feet. Taking the light shawl from her shoulders, she threw it about the shivering form of Phil and gently forced him to the seat beside me.

"You wicked boy," she said, looking upon him in tender reproach, "how can you be so imprudent? We want no relapse, you know, for I must leave you to-morrow. The Colonel will be here."

"The Colonel?" stammered Phil.  
"What Colonel?" said Diana.  
"Colonel John Talbot, my husband."

Phil seemed to have lost all power of articulation, and my own voice sounded hollow and strange as I remarked we were under the impression that Colonel John Talbot had been killed years ago by the Indians on the American plains.

"Why, what a horrid conjecture!" said Mrs. Talbot with a graceful shudder of her head, "there was a report, and it nearly cost me my life, but happily it was exaggeration. He was scaped and left for dead. But you know," she added, turning to me, "how much a manly, athletic nature can stand."

"Yes, yes," I murmured, and as she bade us good-night, and glided away, Phil and I looked at each other with emotion that was impossible just then to analyze.

We remained in sombre silence, watching the jagged snow-covered peaks of the distant hills. At last our hands sought each other a sliver of recollection passed over the weak form of Phil; he had sunk upon my shoulder.

"Let's go home, Hal," he whispered, "let's get back to America."

We left Saxony next day, traveling by easy stages to the sea. And it is somewhat remarkable that though Phil's and my experience with women was limited and unsatisfactory, we never sought to extend our knowledge or ameliorate the paucity of it.

We never married, nor saw Diana from that day to this.

Court Outlings.

A writ of error was allowed in the case of John Mulaney, who was convicted some time ago in the Police Court of malicious destruction of property, on the ground that the statute requires prosecution by indictment.

Judge Coffin gave his argument in the Mary Chandler case yesterday, after which the Court adjourned on account of the sickness of Judge Cox.

Judson Harmon has been appointed on the Examining Committee of the Law School instead of Thomas McDougal.

who is unable to serve on account of absence from the city.

Catherine Steinmetz yesterday brought a suit before Judge Force against her husband to restrain him from collecting a judgment upon a note for \$2,000. She also petitioned that the money be paid into Court, and that she receive alimony.

The Court refused the injunction, on the ground that the plaintiff was not entitled to relief by alimony, as the defendant was a husband who was well able and did care for his family.

Charles Hees was appointed administrator of Dora Kipper. Personally, \$1,500; real estate, \$1,800.

Ferdinand Springmeyer was appointed guardian of the personal estate of Edward, Clara, Ida, Jacob and Sophia Nelmeyer.

The City of Cincinnati for the use of Jacob Worth, brought a suit before Judge O'Connor against the Cincinnati & Spring Grove Avenue Company, the Central Christian Church, and others, on an assessment for grading and paving Johnson street, from Hopple street to Spring Grove avenue. The plaintiff asks for the enforcement of a lien against the property, and also for a personal judgment. The assessment was for \$21 cents. The City Engineer certified the work was done according to the terms of the contract.

The defendants claimed that the street in question had never been dedicated, and that the ordinance had been passed for the express benefit of the Stock-yard Company.

The case is now in progress.

Real Estate Transfers.

R. W. Burnet and wife to Patrick Lavell, lot 19 on 30 feet, on the north side of George street, 135 feet east of Central avenue, \$2,000.

D. D. Martin and wife to Nicholas Patterson, leasehold 25 by 80 feet, on the south side of Seventh street, 175 feet west of Baymiller street—\$12,000.

W. S. Munson to same, 41 acres in Section 33, Symmes township—\$30,000.

Anthony Kirby to George Rohe, 20 years' lease of a lot 50 by 100 feet, on the north side of Hamilton street, 100 feet west of Witter street, Twenty-fifth ward, at an annual rent of \$4, with the privilege of purchasing the same for \$1,000.

The Riverside Land Association to A. D. Cuny, Lots 84 and 85, on the plat of Minnesota, unconsolidated, DeLill township, each 35 by 100 feet—\$270.

Isaac Belts and wife to Agnes Pohlmann, lot 23, by 100 feet, on the east side of Linn street, 35 feet south of Hamilton—\$200.

The City to W. R. Dodds, lot 30 by 111-100 feet, southwest of Kemper lane, and east of Alpine place, adjoining Eden Park—\$1 and other considerations.

Henry Rogers to W. T. Rogers, the undivided half of 194 acres, in Section 29, Springfield township—\$1 and other considerations.

St. Erwin to Enoch Rogers, 200 acres of an acre on the C. and S. R. R., in Section 30, Springfield township—\$375.

J. G. Inham and wife to W. E. Strong, lot 93 by 100 feet, on the south side of Central street, 100 feet east of Witter street—\$1,000.

Leah Steele and others to T. L. Markland and others, the interest of the grantor in tract 100 acres, in Sections 9 and 10, Miami township—\$5,000.

A. C. Cooke and wife to W. K. Halsted, lot 20, by 100 feet, on the north side of Linn street, 100 feet west of Witter street—\$1,000.

Martin Fish to G. H. Herckling, lot 25 by 100 feet, on the south side of Witter street, 155 feet west of Foster street—\$500.

D. C. Chipman and wife to F. C. Schenck, lot 12, by 80 feet, on the north side of Everett street, 145 feet west of Central avenue—\$1,000.

William Van Vleet and wife to Samuel McClung, lot 50 by 100 feet, on the south side of Vine street, 100 feet east of Maple street—\$1,000.

Thos. Jenkins and Godfrey Ludwig, to Robert Gottschalk, lot 25 by 100 feet, on the south side of Eighth street, 240 feet east of Freeman street—\$1,000.

A tax deed from the Auditor to G. W. Keen was also received.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—BOYS—Two good live boys at this office.

WANTED—TO SUPPLY—The public with good Photographs and Portraits at KELLY'S 630 Madison street, Covington, La. Open every day.

DON'T BUY Bogus Wheeler & Wilson Needles Genuine Wheeler & Wilson Needles, 20 cents per dozen, 5 cents each, at Company's office, 55 West Fourth street.

WANTED—PAINTING—C. F. Lautenschlager, house and sign painter, works for small profits. Try him. No. 12 W. sixth street, Covington, Ky.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—RESIDENCE—A desirable country residence on Clifton Heights, near Burnet Woods Park. Also choice building site for sale by E. L. O'NEAL, 66 West Fourth at 414-31, 32, 33.

FOR SALE—A new 2-horse-power engine, on iron frame, at Nos. 2 and 4 East avenue. Price \$145.

FOR SALE—FIXTURES—Good fixtures cheap, at 140 West Fifth street, suitable for hat, shoe, notion or dry goods store.

FOR SALE—CARRIAGES—New and second hand in great variety. For bargains call at 19 and 21 West Seventh street. GRAY, MILLER & BONS.

FOR SALE—5,000 old papers, in hundred packs, at this office.

OUR CHURCHES.

PRESBYTERIAN.

First Presbyterian—Fourth bet. Main and Walnut; Rev. G. B. Becard, pastor; Rev. T. H. Skinner, D. D.

Second Presbyterian—Cor. Eighth and Elm; Rev. T. H. Skinner, D. D.

Third Presbyterian—Seventh bet. Linn and Baymiller.

Fifth Presbyterian—Cor. John and Clark; Rev. A. B. Morey.

Sixth Presbyterian—East Front, near Vance; Rev. M. H. Maxwell.

Seventh Presbyterian—Broadway bet. Fourth and Fifth; Rev. H. Smythe.

St. Auburn Presbyterian—Mt. Auburn; Rev. E. D. Ledyard.

Lincoln Park Presbyterian—Hopkins street, west of Freeman; Rev. N. West.

First Friends (Orthodox)—Cor. Mound and Barry; Rev. O. A. Hills.

United Mission Church—Orchard bet. Symmes and Main.

West End Mission Church—Poplar near Freeman; Rev. J. C. White.

First Presbyterian—Walnut Hills, Rev. J. E. Wright.

Lane Seminary—Walnut Hills; Rev. Dr. Smith.

First German—Linn bet. York and Baymiller; Rev. J. Lichtenstein.

Second German—Liberty west of Freeman; Rev. G. W. Wines.

United Presbyterian—Sixth between Linn and Elm; Rev. W. H. French.

First Reformed Presbyterian—Plum between Eighth and Ninth; Rev. J. Y. Boice.

Second Reformed Presbyterian—Clinton bet. Central Avenue and John; Rev. J. Gillespie.

FRIENDS.

First Friends (Orthodox)—Corner Eighth and Mound.

First Friends (Hicksite)—Fifth bet. Central Avenue and John.

UNITED BRETHREN.

First English Church—Cor. Clinton and Baymiller; Rev. F. Plummer.